

THE
WORKS
OF

SHAKESPEARE,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

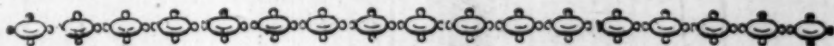
CONTAINING,

King LEAR.

TIMON *of* ATHENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MACBETH.



BIRMINGHAM:

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MDCCLXVIII.





T H E

L I F E and D E A T H

O F

K I N G L E A R.





Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Glo'ster.

Earl of Kent.

Edgar, Son to Glo'ster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Doctor.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.

A Captain employ'd by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.

Servant to Cornwall.

1st. } *Servants to Glo'ster.*
2d. }



Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers and Attendants.*

SCENE lies in Britain.

KING



K I N G L E A R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The K I N G's P A L A C E.

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

K E N T.

I Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the Division of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund*?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of *Kent*;—

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. *[Trumpets sound, within.]*

The King is coming.

S C E N E II.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. **A**TTEND the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*,
Glo'ster.

Glo. I shall, my Liege. *[Exit.]*

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our Kingdom; and tis our first intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Cornwall*,

And You, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,

Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Int'rest of territory, cares of state;)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend,

Where

Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty ;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour :
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* do? love and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these Bounds, ev'n from this line to
this,

With shadowy forest, and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart.
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*!

[*Aside.*

And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*—Now our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'ress'd: what say you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia*? mend your speech a
little,

Lest you may mar your fortune.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? hap'ly, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.—

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scy-*
thian,

Or he that makes his generation messes;
To gorge his appetite; shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Kent. Good my Liege——

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my fight! ——

[To Cor.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?
Call *Burgundy*.——*Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my Power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
* The sway, revenue, execution of th' Hest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'onet part between you. [Giving the Crown.

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs——

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

* The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours.] The old Books read the Lines thus.
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons be yours.

This is evidently corrupt, and the Editors not knowing what to
make of—of the rest—, left it out. The true Reading, without
doubt, was,

The sway, revenue, execution of th' Hest,
Beloved sons, be yours.——

Hest, is an old Word for regal Command: so that the Sense of the
whole is,—I will only retain the *Name* and all the ceremonious Ob-
servances that belong to a King; the *Essentials*, as Sway, Revenue,
Administration of the Laws, be yours.

Mr. Warburton.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainness Honour
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
Reserve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*——

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!——

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,
Our potency make good; take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if, the tenth day following,

Thy

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd. [appear,

Kent. Fare thee well, King; sith thus thou wilt
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said;
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. **H**ERE's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,

We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When she was dear to us, we held her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King,
[To France.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you,
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she; who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your Praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art;
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature.
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand

Aloof

Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing :—I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich, being
poor,
Moſt choice, forſaken : and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon :
Be't lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods ! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neg-
lect

My love ſhould kindle to enſlam'd reſpect.
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France* :
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind ;
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, *France* ; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter ; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again ; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon :
Come, noble *Burgundy*.

[*Flouriſh.* Exeunt *Lear* and *Burgundy*.]

S C E N E IV.

France. B I D farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd
eyes

Cordelia

Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professing bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the Want that you have vaunted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia*.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

S C E N E V.

Gon. **S**ISTER, it is not little I've to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of change his age is, the
observation we have made of it hath not been little;
he always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor
judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath been
but rash; then must we look, from his age, to receive
not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted con-
dition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that
infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of *Kent's* banishment.

Gon.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry Authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th'heat. [*Exeu.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. **T**HOU, Nature, art my Goddeſs; to thy law

My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the Plage of cuſtom, and permit
The curteſy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a Brother? Why *baſtard*? wherefore *baſe*?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality;
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land;
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th' legitimate, fine word—legitimate—
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall be th' legitimate.—I grow, I proſper;
* Now, Gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

* *Now, Gods, ſtand up for baſtards!*] For what Reaſon? He does not tell us; but the Poet alludes to the Debaucheries of the Pagan Gods, who made Heroes of all their Baſtards.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

Glo. *KENT* banish'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!

And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone

Upon the gad! — *Edmund*, how now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep, till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother.*

ther Edgar.—Hum—Conspiracy!—sleep, till I wake him—you should enjoy half his revenue—My son *Edgar*! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear, it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain, where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to seal my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular

auricular assurance have your satisfaction : and that, without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his Father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him——Heav'n and Earth ! *Edmund* seek him out ; wind me into him, I pray you ; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently : convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us ; tho' the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in Palaces, treason ; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father ; the King falls from bias of nature ; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves ! Find out this villain, *Edmund* ; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully——and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd ! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Edmund.

Edm. **T**HIS is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars, as if we were villains on necessity ; fools, by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by sphe-
rical

rical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the change of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

S C E N E IX.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat! — he comes like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam* — O, these eclipses portend these divisions! sa, sol, la, me —

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you have offended him: and at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Edm. **I** Do serve you in this business:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonerill and Steward.

Gon. **D**ID my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will

I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.
 If you come slack of former services,
 You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
 You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question.
 If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old Man,
 That still would manage those Authorities,
 That he hath giv'n away! — Now, by my Life,
 Old Folks are Babes again; and must be used
 With Checks, not Flatt'ries when they're seen abus'd.
 Remember, what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among
 you: what grows of it, no matter; advise your fel-
 lows so: I'll write strait to my sister to hold my
 course: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. **I**F but as well I other accents borrow,
 And can my speech diffuse, my good intent
 May carry thro' itself to that full issue,
 For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd *Kent*,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go, get it
 ready:

How now, what art thou?

[*To Kent.*]

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise; to say little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuse, * and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou bee'st as poor for a subject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner——where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

* In Queen Elizabeth's Time the Papists were esteem'd, and with good Reason, Enemies to the Government. Hence the proverbial Phrase of, *He's an honest Man, and eats no Fish*, to signify he's a Friend to the Government, and a Protestant. *Warb.*

Enter

*Enter Steward.**Stew.* So please you——*[Exit.**Lear.* What says the fellow there? call the clot-pole back: where's my fool, ho?—— I think the world's asleep: how now? where's that mungrel?*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him!*Knight.* Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.*Lear.* He would not?*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my Judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.*Lear.* Ha! say'st thou so?*Knight.* I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.*Lear.* No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?*Enter Steward.**Stew.* My lady's father.*Lear.* My lady's father? my lord's knave!—— you whoreson dog, you slave, you cur.*Stew.*

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.
[Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry again; but away, go to: have you wisdom? so.— [Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

S C E N E XIII.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. **L**ET me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.
[Giving his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best * take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, as thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, uncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my

* take my coxcomb.] Meaning his Cap, called so, because on the Top of the Fool or Jester's Cap was sewed a Piece of red Cloth, resembling the Comb of a Cock. The Word, afterwards, used to denote a vain conceited meddling Fellow.

coxcomb

coxcomb myself; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip——

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [*To Kent.*

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool! ——

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord, that counsel'd thee to give away thy Land,

Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear,
The One in motely here; the Other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ;
that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith ; Lords, and great men will not let
me ; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part
on't : nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all
fool to myself, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be ?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle
and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg ;
when thou clovest thy Crown i'th' middle and gav'st
away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back
o'er the dirt ; thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown,
when thou gav'st thy golden one away : if I speak
like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds
it sooth.

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish ;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs,
sirrah ?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st
thy daughters thy mothers ; for when thou gav'st
them the rod, and put'st down thy own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung ;
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach
thy fool to lie ; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters
are : they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt
have

have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle: here comes one o'th' parings.

S C E N E XIV.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. **H**OW now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Gonerill.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing. Weary of all, shall want some.

Thou art a sheal'd peascod. [*Speaking to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue, Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not to be endured riots. I thought, by making this well known unto you, T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, (Which else were shame,) that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young;*

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the cart draws
the horse? whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear*:
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking—'tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of sovereignty of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman?—

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd Palace. Shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
Of fifty to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils!

Saddle

Saddle my horses, call my train together.—

Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

[rabble

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd
Make servants of their betters.

S C E N E XV.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. **W**O E! that too late repents—O, Sir, are
you come?

Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses.—

[*To Albany.*

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. [*To Gonerill.*

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know;

And in the most exact regard support

The worships of their names. O most small fault!

How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew?

Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature

From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord——

Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddess, hear a Father!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful:

Into her womb convey sterility,

Dry up in her the organs of increase,

And from her derogate body never spring

A Babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 * With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes
 this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know of it:
 But let his disposition have that scope,
 That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
 Within a fortnight?—

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee—life and death! I am asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
 [To Gonerill.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them,—blasts and fogs
 upon thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 † Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

* With *cadent* tears---] We should read, *cadent*, i. e. hot, scald-
 ing.

† *Pierce every sense about thee!*] We should read,
Pierce every sense about thee!

i. e. Guard, Security, Barrier. Let nothing stand against a Father's
 Curse.

Warburton.

That

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. [Ex. Lear and Attendants.]

S C E N E XVI.

Gon. **D**O you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonerill,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oswald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool
with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after.

[Exit.]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel—a hundred
Knights?

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy: Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far;——

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have shew'd th'unfitness——

Enter Steward.

How now, Oswald?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fears,

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And hasten your return. *[Exit Steward.]*

—No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Alb. Well, well, th' event. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E XVII.

A Court-Yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentlemen and Fool.

Lear. **G**O you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters ;
acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know, than comes from her demand out
of the letter : if your diligence be not speedy, I shall
be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, were't not
in danger of kibes ?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not
go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly ; for though she's as like this as a crab's like
an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to
a crab. Canst thou tell, why one's nose stands i'th'
middle of one's face ?

Lear.

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong——

Fool. Canst tell how an oyfter makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason, why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!——monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, *Curan*.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kiffing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Edm. THE Duke be here to-night! the better! beſt!

This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs;
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queaſy queſtion
Which I muſt act: briefneſs, and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend; Brother, I ſay;—

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O, Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall*?
He's

He's coming hither now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said
Upon his Party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me —
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you —
Draw, seem to defend yourself.

Now quit you well —

Yield — come before my father — light ho, here! —
Fly, brother — Torches! — so farewell — [*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop, no help? —

S C E N E III.

To him, Enter Glo'ster, and servants with torches.

Glo. **N**OW, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out,

Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon
To stand 's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund*?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he
could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means,
what? —

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainst Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. — Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood

To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion
 With his prepared sword he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
 And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
 Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
 And found, dispatch'd.—The noble Duke my master;
 My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night;
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murd'rous coward to the stake:
 He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
 Thou unpossessing Bastard! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? no; when I should deny.
 (As this I would, although thou didst produce
 My very character) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it. *[Trumpets within.]*

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter; I never got him.—
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes——

All Ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 (Loyal and natural Boy!) I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.

Corn. **H**OW now, my noble friend? since I came
hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender; how does my lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? Your *Edgar*?

Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
Knights,

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, I assure thee, *Regan*;

Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. As for you, *Edmund*,
Whose virtue and obedience in this instance
So much commends itself, you shall be ours;

Natures

Natures of such deep Trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night;
Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay Comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. **G**OOD downing to thee, friend; art of this
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would
make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee
not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats,
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hun-
dred-

dred-pound, filthy worsted-socking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'th' moonshine of you; you whoreson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks—draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!——

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Edm. **H**OW now, what's the matter? Part——

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glo.'

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that strikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour; you cowardly rascal! nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. I, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail!——

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry!

Kent. That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword. Who wears no honesty, such smiling rogues as these,
 * Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
 Too 'intrinsicate t'unloose: sooth every passion,
 That in the nature of their lords rebels:
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

* *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain*] By these holy Cords the Poet means the natural Union between Parents and Children. The Metaphor is taken from the *Cords of the Sanctuary*; and the Fomenters of Family Differences are compared to these sacrilegious Rats.

Warburton.

With

With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their masters ;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage !
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to * *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow !

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? what is his fault ?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain ;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A faucy roughness ; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;
An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty filky ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phæbus*' front——

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-

* ——*Camelot*.] Was the Place where the Romances say, King *Arthur* kept his Court in the West:

Warburton.
mend

mend so much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he, that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction:
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthied him; got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.

You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same nature
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;
His fault is much, and the good King his master

Will

Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs——

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

S C E N E VII.

Glo. I'M sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd
hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;

Give you good-morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common
Saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course. I shall find time

From

From this enormous state, and seek to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.
[*He sleeps.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to a Part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever Penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and president
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood*! poor *Tom*!—
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. TIS strange, that they should so depart from
home,

Gent.

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. Ha ! mak'st thou thy shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters ; horses are
ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, mon-
keys by th' loins, and men by th' legs ; when a man
is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether
socks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy Place
mistook,
To set thee here ?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't ; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us ?

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his mistress, salutation ;
Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read : on whose contents

They

* They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine;
 (Being the very fellow, which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your Highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
 that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
 But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from
 Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my
 heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence,

But what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'th' stocks for that
 question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach
 thee there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All, that follow
 their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and

* *They summon'd up their meiny,—* Meiny, i. e. People. Mr Pope.
 There's

There's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's flinking—let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That Sir, which serves for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm:

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks, fool.

S C E N E X.

Enter Lear and Glo'ster.

Lear. **D**ENY to speak with me? they're sick,
they're weary,

They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,

The images of revolt and flying off,

Bring me a better answer——

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke:

How unremovable, and fixt he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ster*,

I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord?

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the
dear father

Wou'd

Wou'd with his daughter speak ; commands her service :

Are they inform'd of this ?—my breath and blood !—
Fiery ? the fiery duke ? tell the hot Duke, that—
No, but not yet ; may be, he is not well ;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound ; we're not ourselves,
When Nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear ;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state ! but wherefore
Should he fit here ? this Act persuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth ;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them :
Now, presently,—bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. Oh me, my heart ! my rising heart ! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
Eels, when she put them i'th' Pasty alive ; she rapt
'em o'th' coxcombs with a flick, and cry'd, down
wantons, down ; 'Twas her brother, that in pure kind-
ness to his horse butter'd his hay.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cornwell, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Lear. **G**OOD-morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace?

[*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan,* I think, you are ; I know, what reason
I have to think so ; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress. O, are you free ? [*To Kent.*]
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan,*

Thy

Thy sister's naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here;

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—oh *Regan*!—

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?—

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers;
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!—

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark, how this becomes the House?
Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: On my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, *Regan*:

She hath abated me of half my train;

* Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue.

* *Look'd black upon me;*] So all the Editions. Mr. Theobald alters it to *blank*. A small Alteration, only turning *black* to *white*. His Reason is, because to *look black upon him* is a Phrase he does not understand. But it alludes to a Serpent's turning *black*, when it swells with Rage and Venom, the very Creature to which *Lear* here compares his Daughter.

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 On her ingrateful Top! strike her young bones,
 You taking airs, with lameness!——

Corn. Fie, Sir! fie! [flames

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
 Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun
 To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:
 Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude:
 Thy half o'th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my master's: this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
 Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

S C E N E XII.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. **W**H O flockt my servant? *Regan*, I've
 good hope,

Thou

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?

O Heav'ns,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Hallow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part:
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand? [fended?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I of-
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—how came my man i'th' Stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, deem't so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o'th' air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch——Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rlless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot;——Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be a slave, and sumpter,
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,—
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
 A plague-fore, or imbossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
 Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
 I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*;
 I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so——
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what fifty followers?
 Is it not well? what should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number: how in one house
 Should many people under two commands
 Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to
 slack ye,
 We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
 To bring but five and twenty; to no more
 Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I give you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depositaries;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number; must I come to you
 With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord, no more with me.

Lear.

Lear. * Those wrinkled creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When others are more wrinkled. Not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, were twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,—
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—— I will do such things,

* *Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,*

When others are more wicked:—— As a little before, in the Text [*like flatterers*] the Editors had made a Similitudē where the Author intended none; so here, where he did, they are not in the Humour to give it us, because not introduced with the formulary Word, *like*. *Lear's* second Daughter proving still more Unkind than the first, he begins to entertain a better Opinion of this, from the other's greater Degree of Inhumanity; and expresses it by a Similitude taken from the Deformities which old Age brings on.

Those wrinkled creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When others are more wrinkled:——

Warburton.

What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth : you think, I'll weep :
 No, I'll not weep.—I have full cause of weeping :—
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ster, Kent and Fool.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Corn. **L** E T us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
 [*Storm and tempest.*]

Reg. This house is little ; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him galdly ;
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of *Glo'ster* ?

Enter Glo'ster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth ; — he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage, and will I know
 not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on : and the high winds
 Do sorely ruffle, for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,
 Must be their school-masters : shut up your doors ;
 He is attended with a desp'rate train ;
 And what they may incense him to, being apt
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
 My *Regan* counsels well : come out o' th' storm.

[*Exeunt.*
 A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A H E A T H.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

K E N T.

W H O's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white
hair;

(Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.)

Strives in his little World of Man t' outscorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their furr dry; unbonnetted he runs,

And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,

And dare upon the warrant of my note,

Commend a dear thing to you. There's division

(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd

With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:

Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars

Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;

Which are to *France* the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes ;
 Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 (Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings—)
 But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scathed kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret seize
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner—Now to you,
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, make just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The King hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance of you,
 Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
 (As, fear not, but you shall) shew her that Ring,
 And she will tell you who this fellow is,
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !
 I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;
 That, when we have found the King, (in which you
 take

That way, I this :) he that first lights on him.

Halloo the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. **B**LOW winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage,
 blow!

You

You cataracts, and hurritanoes, spout [cocks!
 Till you have drencht our sleeples, drown'd the
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world;
 Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
 That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is
 better than the rain-waters out o'door. Good nun-
 cle, in; and ask thy daughters blessing: here's a
 night, that pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain;
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand, your
 Brave;

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd:
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a
 good head piece:

The cod-piece that will house before the head has any,
 The head and he shall lowse; so beggars marry many.
 That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should
 make,

Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.
 For there was never yet fair woman, but she made
 mouths in a glafs.

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. **N**O, I will be the pattern of all patience,
 I will say nothing.

D 5

Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wiseman and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
 * Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,
 And make them keep their Caves: since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
 Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
 Thou Perjure, thou Simular of virtue,
 That art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces,
 That under covert, and convenient seeming,
 Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and ask
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest,
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in) return, and force,
 Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
 Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
 I'm cold myself. Where is the straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange,

* Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,] Gallow, a West-country Word, signifies to fear or frighten.

That

That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
 Poor fool and knave, I've one string in my heart,
 That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool. He that has an a little tyny wit,
 With heigh ho. the wind and the rain;
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,
 Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy: come bring us to this hovel. [Exit.]

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.
 I'll speak a prophecy or two ere I go.

When priests are more in words than matter,
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
 No heretics burnt, but wenches' suitors;
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That Going shall be us'd with feet.

When every case in law is right,
 No squire in debt, and no poor knight;
 When flanders do not live in tongues;
 And cut-purses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i'th' field;
 And bawds and whores do churches build:
 Then shall the realm of *Albion*.

Come to great confusion.

This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before
 his time. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Glo'ster's castle.

Enter Glo'ster, and Edmund.

Glo. **A**LACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, intreat for him, or any way sustain him.

D 6

Edm.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my closet:) these injuries the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward *Edmund*; pray, you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all. The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. **H**ERE is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

The tyranny o' the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,

The

The leffer is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all Feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? — But I'll punish home;
No, I will weep no more — In such a night,
To shut me out? — pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O, *Regan, Gonerill*,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all —
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that. —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself, seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more — but I'll go in;
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty —
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep —
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? — O I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

Edg. [within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
poor *Tom*.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit;
help me, help me. [The fool runs out from the hovel.]

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou, that dost grumble there i'th'
straw? come forth.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a Madman.

Edg. **A**WAY! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratbane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor,—bless thy five wits; *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de;—bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking; do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. *[Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Could'st thou save nothing? didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock fat on pillicock-hill, halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. *Tom's a-cold.*

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind: that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice early; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sessey*: let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings; come unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hairlip: mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.*

Kent. How fares your Grace?

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ster, with a Torch.

Lear. WHAT's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for falllets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body; horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

*But mice, and rats, and such small geer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman; *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. *Tom's* a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey

T' obey in all your Daughters' hard commands :
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
 Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
 And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First, let me talk with this Philosopher ; —
 What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
 Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban* :
 What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
 His Wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ? [*Storm still.*]

His Daughters seek his death : ah, that good *Kent* !
 He said, it would be thus ; poor banish'd man ! —
 Thou say'st, the King grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,
 I'm almost mad myself ; I had a son,
 Now out-law'd from my blood ; he fought my life,
 But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,
 No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this ?
 I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir :
 Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel ; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the
 fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glo.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd,
that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, something
fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your
brother's evil disposition made him seek his death:
but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable
badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must
repent to be just? this is the letter, which he spoke
of; which approves him an intelligent party to the
advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treason
were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you
have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of
Glo'ster: seek out where thy father is, that he may
be ready for our Apprehension.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will
stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*aside.*] I will perse-
vere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be
fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt
find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

*A Chamber, in a Farm-house.**Enter Kent and Glo'ster.*

Glo. **H**ERE is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [Exit.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the heels of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done. I will arraign 'em strait. Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; Thou sapient Sir, sit here—now, ye she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares. Wantest thou eyes

At trial, Madam?

Come o'er the Broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and she must not speak,
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom*'s belly for two white Herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? stand you not so amaz'd; Will you lie down, and rest upon the Cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first, bring me in the evidence.

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity, [too.
Bench by his side. You are o' th' commission, sit you

Edg. Let us deal justly.—

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?

Thy Sheep be in the Corn;

And for one Blast of thy minikin Mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no Harm.

Purre, the Cat, is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here take my Oath before this honourable Assembly, she kick'd the poor King her Father.

Fool. Come hither, Mistress, is your name *Gonerill*?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt Looks proclaim

What store her Heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, sword, fire,—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart*, see, they bark at me—

Edg. *Tom* Will throw his head at them; avaunt,
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;
 Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
 Hound or spaniel, * brache, or hym;
 Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
 Do, de, de, de: *Seffey*, come, march to wakes and
 fairs,

And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*—see what
 breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature
 that makes these hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain
 for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion
 of your garments. You will say, they are *Persian*;
 but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the
 curtains;

So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to-bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King, my
 master?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are
 gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:
 I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
 And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,

* ——— brache, or hym, &c.] Names of particular Sorts of Dogs.
 Mr. Pope.

And

And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Opprest Nature sleeps:
This Rest might yet have blam'd thy broken Senses,
Which, if Conveniency will not hallow,
Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Master;
Thou must not stay behind. [To Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,
We scarcely think our Miseries our Foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i'th' Mind;
Leaving free things, and happy Shows behind:
But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erstep,
When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing Fellowship.
How light, and portable, my pain seems now,
When That, which makes me bend, makes the King
He childed, as I father'd! — *Tom.* away; [bow;
Mark the high Noises, and thyself bewray.
When false Opinion, whose wrong Thought defiles
thee,
In thy just Proof repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will, hap more to Night; safe 'scape the King!
Lurk, Lurk. — [Exit Edgar.

S C E N E X.

Changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and
Servants.*

Corn. **P**OST speedily to my lord your husband,
shew him this letter; the army of France is
landed; seek out the traitor *Glo'ster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund,* keep
you

you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my lord of *Glo'ster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ster* hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his Knights, Hot Questripts after him, met him at gate; Who with some other of the Lords dependants, Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Gon. and Edm.*]

Corn. *Edmund*, farewel: — go seek the traitor *Glo'ster*;

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us: Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r Shall do a court'sy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controul.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Glo'ster, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends, consider.

You are my Guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find——

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee; I'm your Host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favour
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the
traitors,

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatic King? speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning——

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To *Dover*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? let him first answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake; and I must stand the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have boil'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;

Yet

Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
 Thou should'st have said, go, porter turn the key;
 All cruels else subscrib'd; but I shall see
 The winged vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
 Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*[Glo'ster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
 one of his eyes.]*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
 Give me some help.—O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance——

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
 I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child;
 But better service have I never done you,
 Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
 'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of
 anger.

[Fight; in the Scuffle Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up
 thus? *[Kills him.]*

Serv. Oh, I am slain—my lord, you have one eye
 left

To see some mischief on him. Oh—— *[Dies.]*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
 Where is thy lustre now? *[Treads the other out.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless—where's my son
 Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
 To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee: It was he,
 That made the overture of thy treasons to us:

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Exit with Glo'ster.*]

How is't, my lord, how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dung-hill.—*Regan*, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit Corn. led by Regan.*]

1 Serv. I'll never care what Wickedness I do,
If this Man come to Good.

2 Serv. If She live long,
And, in the End, meet the old course of Death,
Women will all turn Monsters.

1 Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish Madness
Allows itself to any Thing.

2 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some Flax and whites
of Eggs
T' apply to's bleeding Face. Now, heav'n help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

An open Country.

Enter EDGAR.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;

The

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused father's wrath;
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! who is't can say, I'm at the worst?
I'm worse, than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more
since,

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ishing itself and others. — Bless thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring some Covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the
blind:

Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold; — * I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must;

Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path:
poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless
thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have
been in poor *Tom* at once; of Lust, as *Obidicut*;
Hobbididen, Prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing;
Mohu, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and
mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and
waiting-women.

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens'
plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still!

* ——— I cannot daub it —] i. e. Disguise.

Let

Let the superfluous, and lust dieted man,
That braves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly :
So distribution shall undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover* ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery, thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonerill, and Edmund.

Gon. **W**ELCOME, my lord. I marvel, our mild
husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your Master ?

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :
I told him of the army that was landed :
He smil'd at it. I told him, you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.

I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear *Glo'ster*! [*Exit Edmund.*]

Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh, *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That Nature, which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will fliver, and disbranch,
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths favour but themselves——What have you
done;

Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother suffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him so benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their visible Spirits

Send

Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not know'st,
 Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
 Drum?

France spreads his Banners in our noiseless land,
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats;
 Whilst thou, a mortal fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
 Alack! why does he so?—

Alb. See thyself, devil:

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd, and self-converted thing! For
 shame/

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
 To let these hands obey my [boiling] blood,
 They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.—

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Oh, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
 dead:

Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of *Glo'ster*.

Alb. *Glo'ster's* eyes!

Mes. A servant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act; bending his sword
 To his great master: who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
 But now without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can 'venge. But O, poor *Glo'ster*!
Loft he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mef. No, my good lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mef. Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against
him,

And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. *Glo'ster*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

D O V E R.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. **T**HE King of *France* so suddenly gone back!
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports

Imports the Kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. I, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd, she was a Queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.——

Gent. But not to Rage. Patience and Sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once—her Smiles and Tears
Were like a wetter May. Those happiest smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her Eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.——In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal quest?

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, she heav'd the Name of
Father

Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Cry'd, sisters! sisters!—Shame of Ladies! sisters!

Kent! Father! Sisters! what? i'th' storm? i'th' night?

Let Pity ne'er believe it!——there she shook

The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;

And, Clamour-motion'd, then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent.——It is the stars,

The Stars above us, govern our conditions:

Else one self-mate and mate could not beget

Such diff'rent issues. Spoke you with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor distressed *Lear's* in town;
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A sov'reign shame so bows him; his unkind-
ness,
That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: These things sting
him

So venomously, that burning shame detains him
From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of *Albany's*, and *Cornwall's* Pow'rs you heard
not?

Gent. 'Tis said they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in Concealment wrap me up a while:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

A C A M P.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. **A**LACK, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vext sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search ev'ry acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense,

He

He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phyf. There are means, Madam:

Our foster nurse of nature is repose;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's distress! —seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. News, Madam:

The *British* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O, dear father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great
France

My Mourning and important Tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

REGAN'S PALACE.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. **B**UT are my Brother's Powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at
home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ster's* eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: moreover, to descry
The strength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee
much——

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady do's not love her husband:
I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund*. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
'Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I should
shew
What

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Country, near Dover.

Enter Glo'ter, and Edgar as a Peasant.

Glo. **W**HEN shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we la-

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even. [*bour.*]

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place—stand still.

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one, that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.

The fisher-men, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight,

Topple down headlong.

Glo.

Glo. Set me, where you stand,

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap outright.

Glo. Let go my hand:

Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce; and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If *Edgar* live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Hoe, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! speak!
Thus might he pass, indeed—yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but Gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?

Ten

*Ten masts attacht make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!
Look up a-height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, so—how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness:
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here, below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
† Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took him for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend—he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

*Ten masts at each make not the altitude.] So Mr. Pope found it in the
old Editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *at-*
tacht. But Mr. Theobald restores again the old Nonsense, *at each*.

† Horns welk'd,] i. e. twisted.

Mr. Pope.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lear, drest madly with flowers.

But who comes here?

The sober sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining: I
am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like
a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look,
look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted
cheese will do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it
on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well
flown, Barb! i'th' clout, i'th' clout; hewgh.—Give
the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* ha! *Regan!* they flatter'd me
like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my
beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay,
and no, to every thing that I said—Ay, and no,
too was no good divinity. When the rain came to
wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when
the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there
I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are
not men o' their words; they told me I was every
thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was the cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no,
the wren goes to't, and the small gilded flie does letcher
in

in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ster's* bastard-son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack soldiers. Behold yond simpering Dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the stalled horse, goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waste they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath it is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squiny at me? no, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters funs, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see, how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change Places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office——
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it,
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder,
harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark—
Glo. Alack, alack, the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good block!—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with Felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stoll'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, Here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue? what, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt;
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My Masters, know you
that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You shall get it by running: fa, fa, fa, fa. *[Exit.]*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your Will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir: That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is
here,
Her army is mov'd on. *[Exit.]*

Edg.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me ;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows,

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks ;
The bounty and the benison of heav'n
To boot, and boot ! —

S C E N E IX.

Enter Steward.

Stew. **A** Proclaim'd prize ! most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd
flesh,

To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember : the sword is out,
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? hence,
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass : and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-
night. Nay, come not near th' old man : keep out,
che vor'ye, or ice try whether your costard or my bat
be the harder ; chill be plain with you. *Stew.*

Stew. Out, dung-hill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter
vor your foyns. [Edgar knocks him down:

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my
purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ster: seek him out
Upon the *English* party: Oh, untimely death! —

[Dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: rest you.

Let's see these pockets; the letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry,
He had no other death's-man. Let us see —

By your leave, gentle wax — and manners blame
us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembred. You have many
opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not,
time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing
done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner,
and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof de-
liver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wise, so I would say) affectionate Servant,

Gonerill.

Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's Will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified

O

Of murd'rous lechers : and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke : for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad : how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious Feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;

[*Drum afar off.*]

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. **O**, Thou good *Kent*, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness ? life will be too
short,

And ev'ry measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid ;
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited ;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, shortens my laid intent ;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so,
My lord.—How does the King ? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods !

Cure

Cure this great breach in his abused nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the king, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' sway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phys. Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dearest Princess!

Cor. Had you not been their Father, these white
flakes

Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted Thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble Stroke
Of quick, cross Lightning? To watch, poor *Perdu!*
With this thin Helm? My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, shou'd have stood that Night
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded.—Ah! he wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your
Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears

Do

Do scold like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide——

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?

I'm mightily abus'd; I should even die with Pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see,
I feel this pin prick: 'would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir.

And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.

No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: For I'm mainly ignorant,

What place this is; and all the skill I have,

Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,

For, as I am a man, I think, this lady

To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am; I am.——

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you,
weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it;

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great Rage,
You

You see, is cur'd in him:—and, yet, 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the Time, h'as lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cord. Phys. and attendants.*]

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
— was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is Conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of *Glo'ster*.

Gent. They say, *Edgar*, his banisht Son, is with the
Earl of *Kent* in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable: 'Tis time to look
about: the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The Arbitrement is like to be bloody. —

Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Kent. My Point and Period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought.

[*Exit Kent.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A C A M P.

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentleman and Soldiers.

EDMUND.

K NOW of the Duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught,
To change the course? he's full of Alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

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F

Reg.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; she, and the Duke her husband—

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the Battle, than that Sister
Should loosen him and Me.—— [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as *France* invades our Land,
Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose,——

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your Tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' Ancient of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. IF e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you: — speak.

[Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. *[Exit.]*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers.
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Edm. TO both these sisters have I sworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the flung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonerill;

F 2

And

And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit,

S C E N E IV.

Another open Field.

Alarm within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.

Edg. **H**ERE, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good Host; pray, that the right
 may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar.

[Alarm, and retreat, within.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
 King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
 Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. what, in ill thoughts again? men must endure
 There going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
 Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. **S**OME Officers take them away; good guard,
 Until their greater pleasures first be known,
 That

That are to censure them.

Cor. We're not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
For thee, oppress'd King, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no: come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing, like birds i'th' cage:
When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee Forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of Great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my *Cordelia*, [thee?
The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The *goujeres shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see them starv'd first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a sword; thy great Employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'lt done.

* *Goujeres* [French Pox.] Oxford Editor. Vulg. *Good-jers.*

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down. [Exit Captain.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. **S**IR, you have shew'd to day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the Captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side;
And turn our impress'd launces in our eyes. [Queen;
Which do command them. With him I sent the
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t'appear
Where you shall hold your Session. At this time,
We sweat and bleed; the Friend hath lost his Friend;
And the best Quarrels, in the Heat, are curst
By those that feel their Sharpness.—
The Question of *Cordelia*, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a Subject of this war,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Pow'rs;
Bore the Commission of my Place and Person;
* The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

* *The which immediacy—*] *Immediacy*, for Representation.

Gon.

Gon. Not so hot :

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my Right,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Holla, Holla !

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the World, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The Lett alone lies not in your good Will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my Title thine.

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason : Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason ; and, in thy Arrest,
This gilded Serpent ; for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude !——

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Glo'ster ; let the trumpet
sound :

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my Pledge : I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick——

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

[Aside.
Edm

Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is,
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*]

S C E N E VII.

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet sound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

IF any man of Quality, or Degree, within the lists of the
army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of
Glo'ster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by
the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

3 trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers, within.*]

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes; why he appears
Upon this Call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;

Yet

Yet am I noble, as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary? [*Glo'ster?*]

Edg. What's he, that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:—

Behold, it is the privilege of mine Honours,

My Oath, and my Profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,

Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;

False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,

And from th' extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, no;

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;

But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue *some Say of Breeding breathes;

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarm. Fight.*]

Gon. O, save him, save him; This is Practice,

Glo'ster:

By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

* *Some 'Say, &c.] 'Say, for Essay, some Shew or Probability.*

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it;
Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not, what I know—— [*Exit Gon.*]

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

S C E N E VIII.

Edm. **W**HAT you have charg'd me with, That I
have done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'lt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'lt spoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal Nobleness: I must embrace thee:——
Let Sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody Proclamation to escape

That

That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; t'assume a Semblance,
The very Dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the Conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on,
You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a Period. But such,
As love to amplify another's Sorrow,
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.
Whilst I was big in Clamour, came there a Man,
Who having seen me in my worser State,
Shun'd my abhorr'd Society; but now finding
Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong Arms
He fasten'd on my Neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burst Heaven; threw him on my Father;
Told the most piteous Tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever Ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His Grief grew puissant, and the Strings of Life
Began to crack.—Twice then the Trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranç'd.—

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the banish'd *Kent*, who in disguise Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service Improper for a Slave.

S C E N E IX.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. **H**ELP, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; it came even from the heart

Of——O! she's dead.—

Alb. Who's dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her sister By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.*

This Judgment of the heav'ns, that, makes us tremble, Touches us not with pity.—O! is this He?

The time will not allow the compliment,

Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come

To bid my King and Master aye good night;

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?

See'st thou this Object, *Kent*?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after flew herself.

Alb.

Alb. Even so ; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life ; some Good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief) into the Castle ; for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia* !
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run——

Edg. To whom, my lord ? who has the office ? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the Captain——

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Edm. He hath Commission from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The Gods defend her ! bear him hence a while.
[Edmund is borne off.]

S C E N E X.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. **H**OWL, howl, howl, howl, — O, you are
men of stone ;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack : she's gone for ever !
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth ! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her Breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd End ?

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives ; if it be so,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master ! *[Kneeling.]*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away ——

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !

Cordelia,

Cordelia, *Cordelia*, stay a little. Ha!——
 What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle; and low; an excellent thing in woman.
 I kill'd the slave, that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
 I would have made them skip: I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
 Mine eyes are none o'th' best.—I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
 One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same; your servant *Kent*;
 Where is your servant *Caius*?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
 He'd strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
 Have follow'd your sad steps——

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else;—all's cheerless, dark, and
 dead:

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
 And desp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
 That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. *Edmund* is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
 What Comfort to this great Decay may come,
 Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,

During

During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute Power: to you, your Rights,
[To Edgar.

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings: O see, see—

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never—

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there— [He dies.

Edg. He faints, my lord,

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! He hates
him,

That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business
Is general woe: friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this Realm, and the good State sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me; I must not say, no. [Dies.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead March.



T I M O N

O F

A T H E N S.





Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *A noble Athenian.*

Lucius, }
Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius, }
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*

Servilius, }
Caphis, }
Varro, }
Philo, } *several Servants to Usurers.*

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and maskers.

Phrynia, }
Timandra, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and
Merchant; with divers Servants and Attendants.*

S C E N E, *Athens; and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Timon's House.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several Doors.*

POET.

GOOD-day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold Record not matches? see,
(Magic of Bounty!) all these Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt;

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodness.

He passes——

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't:

For the lord *Timon*, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idly from me.

Our Poesy is as a Gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' th' flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself,—and like the current flies
Each Bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir:—when comes your book
forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis,

This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch —is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors Nature; artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of Athens! happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With

With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves itself

* In a wide sea of wax ; † no leven'd malice
Infects one Comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry natures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their Service to lord *Timon*: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself ; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states ; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope,
This throne, this *Fortune*, and this Hill, methinks,

* In a wide sea of wax ;] Anciently they wrote upon waxen Tables
with an Iron Stile.

Oxford Editor.

†—no levell'd malice] Why this Epithet to Malice? which be-
longs to all Actions whatsoever, which have their Aim or Level.
Shakespear wrote,

—————no leven'd malice

Warb.

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance;
 Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear;
 Make sacred even his stirrop; and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood
 Spurns down her late lov'd, all his Dependants
 (Which labour'd after to the mountains top,
 Even on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
 To shew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

S C E N E II.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Timon*, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. IMPRISON'D is he, say you?

[To a Messenger.

Mes. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,
 His means most short, his creditors most straight:
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up, which failing to him
 Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well——

I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
 A gentleman that well deserves a help,

Which

Which he shall have, I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mef. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me ;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your honour ! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so : what of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no ? *Lucilius* !——

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. [creature

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well : what further ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*.
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,

What

What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. [mife.

Tim. My hand to thine, mine honour on my pro-

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not own'd to you.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside; pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye! [hand,

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; give me your
We must needs dine together: Sir, your jewel

Jew.

Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations:

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: but you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their masters priz'd; Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord, he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.

S C E N E III.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. * Good-morrow to thee gentle *Apemantus*!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

* * * *

Apem. When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st
them not.

* *Tim.* Good morrow to thee gentle *Apemantus*!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog and these knaves honest.] The first
Line of *Apemantus's* Answer is to the Purpose; the second absurd
and nonsensical; which proceeds from the Loss of a Speech dropt
from between them, that should be thus restored,

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus*!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.

[*Poet.* When will that be?]

Apem. When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

Warb.

VOL. VII.

G

Apem

Apem. Are they not *Athenians*?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the Painter: and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Paint. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking—How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet.

Most w
Apem
supple
* That
and unir
enough
more wit

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy o' thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. * That I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord.— Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the Gods do it. [thee!

Apem. Traffic's thy God, and thy God confound

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us, You must needs dine with me: go not you hence, 'Till I have thank't you, and when dinner's done, Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir! [Bowing and embracing.

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve, your supple joints! that there should be small love amongst

* *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restor'd the Text, it is satirical enough of Conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a Title: Warburton.

these sweet knaves, and all this courtesy! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. **W**HAT time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or——I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' afs.

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste lord *Timon's* bounty?
He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a Return exceeding
All use of quittance.

Luc.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Another Apartment in Timon's House

Hautboys playing, loud music. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.

Ven. **M**OST honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the
Gods

To call my father's age unto long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty,

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest *Ventidius*: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever, and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

* If our Betters play at that game, we must not.

Apem. Dare to imitate them: Faults that are rich,
are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

* If our Betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.] These two Lines
are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus,

Tim. If our betters Play at that Game, we must not.

Apem. Dare to imitate them: Faults that are Rich are Fair.

This is said satirically and in Character.

Warburton.

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, fit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. *[They sit down.]*

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, *Apemantus*! you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome. I
come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th' art a churl; ye have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:

They say, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a Table by himself:

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon*; I come to
observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th' art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome; I myself would have no power—
pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. * I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, 'fore
I should e'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a num-
ber of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves
me to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,

And, all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men!

Methinks, they should invite them without knives:

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

* *I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I should ne'er flatter thee.*]
A very pretty Reason why his meat would choak him, because he
should never flatter him. We should read and point this nonsense
thus,

*I scorn thy meat : 'twould choak me 'fore
I should e'er flatter thee.*

Warburton.

The

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.
Were I a Great man, I should fear to drink,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!——a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire:

This and my fool are equal, there's no odds; *food*
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself;

Grant, I may never prove so fond

To trust man on his oath, or bond;

Or a harlot for her weeping;

Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen, Amen; So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus*!

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatters were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods; (think I.) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wisht myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st but to make them drink thee,
Timon.

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant-like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser.

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Cupid with a Masque of Ladies, as Amazons.

Cup. **H**AIL to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best
Senses

Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Ta-
ble rise,

These only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind ad-
mittance,

Let music make their welcome.

Luc. You see, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a sweep of vanity comes
this way!

They dance, they are mad women.

* Like madness, is the glory of this life;

As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men;

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spight and envy——

Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?——

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

* *The glory of this Life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this Pomp exhibited in a Place where a Philosopher is feeding on Oil and Roots. When we see by Example how few are the Necessaries of Life, we learn what madness there is in so much Superfluity.*

Johnson.

Would

Would one day stamp upon me: 'T has been done
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not
hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All La. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. *Flavius*—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no
crossing him in's humour,
Else I should tell him—well—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could:
Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Lucul. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Luc. Our Horses.

Tim. O my good friends!

I have one word to say to you; look, my lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
Kind my lord!

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts—

All. So are we all. [*Exe. Lucius, Lucullus, &c.*

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. MY lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Me near? Why then another time I'll hear thee.

I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good;

His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes for ev'ry
word:

He is so kind that he pays interest for't:
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate
too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a
trifle of our love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will
receive it.

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on.
'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know
no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I
weigh my friend's affection with my own; I tell you
true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch field.

Alc. I defy land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound——

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 Lord.

3 *Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep with you, lord *Timon*——

Tim. Ready for his friends. [Exeunt Lords.]

S C E N E VIII.

Apem. WHAT a coil's here,
Serring of becks and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the fums
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in pro-
per shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and
vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and
come with better music.

Apem. So——thou wilt not hear me now, thou
shalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A public Place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum;
Which

Which makes it five and twenty.——Still in motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a Beggar's dog,
 And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
 If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
 Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*.
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
 Ten able horse. No porter at his gate,
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by it. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord *Timon*;
 Importune him for monies, be not ceast
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with
Commend me to your master——and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand: for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
 Who flashes now a Phoenix——Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in Compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Timon's Hall.**Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. **N**O care, no stop? so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot? Takes no account
How things go from him, and resumes no care
Of what is to continue: * never Mind
Was, to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done?—he will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-
Fie, fie, fie, fie. [ing.]

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Cap. It is; and your's too? *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.
My *Alcibiades*,—Well, what's your Will?

[They present their bills.]

Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

* To make this Sense and Grammer, it should be supplied thus,
—never mind

Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.

Warb.
To

To the succession of new days, this month:
 My master is awak'd by great occasion,
 To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
 In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
 I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my lord——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One *Varro's* servant, my good lord——

Isid. From *Isidore*, he prays your speedy payment——

Cap. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
 and past.——

Isid. Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I
 Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on,

[*Exeunt lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly. Come hither:
 How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
 With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds;
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen;
 The time is unagreeable to this business:
 Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner;
 That I may make his lordship understand
 Wherefore you are not pay'd.

Tim. Do so, my friends; see them well entertain'd.

[*Exit Timon.*]

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit Flavius.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Apemantus, and Fool.

Cap. **S**TAY, stay, here comes the Fool with *Ape-*
mantus, let's have some sport with 'em.

Var.

House,

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. Come away.

Isid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single.

Cap. Thou art not on him yet.

Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the Question. Poor rogues' and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. *Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

Page. Why how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? how dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the Superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day

* 'Would, we could see you at Corinth. } A cant Name for a Bawdy-House, I suppose from the Dissoluteness of that ancient Greek City.
thou

thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp't a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit*.]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home——

You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I—as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

Var. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good Cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from four-score to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes lord *Timon*.

Enter

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus and Fool.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tim. **Y**OU make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me?

That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me;

At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you back:

And that unaptness made you minister

Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me

Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst th'authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close. I did endure

Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,

And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,

Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;

The greatest of your Having lacks a half

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone:

And

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues ; the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim, and at length
* Hold good our reck'ning ?

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when all our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
I have retir'd me to † a wastful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heav'ns ! have I said, the bounty of this lord !
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted ! who now is not *Timon's* ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord

Timon's ?

Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's* ?
Ah ! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost : one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.

* How goes our reck'ning ?] This Steward talks very wildly.
The Lord indeed might have asked, what a Lord seldom knows,
How goes our reck'ning ?

But the Steward was too well satisfied in that Matter. I would
read therefore,

Hold good our reck'ning ?

Warburton.

† ——— a wasteful cock,] i. e. a Cocklost, a Garret. And a
wasteful Cock signifies a Garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no
Use.

Oxford Editor.

No

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
 Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,
 To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 *And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are
 crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes: In my friends I'm wealthy.
 Within there, Ho! *Flaminius, Servilius!*

S C E N E V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.

Serv. MY lord, my lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.
 You to lord *Lucius*—to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
 with his Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—com-
 mend me to their loves; and I am proud, say, that
 my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a
 supply of money; let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum——

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To Flavius.*
 Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
 Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant
 A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
 (For that † I knew it the most gen'ral way)
 To them to use your signet and your name;

* And try the arguments ——} Arguments, for natures.

† I know it the most gen'ral way] gen'ral for speedy,

Tim.

But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry——You are honour-
able——

But yet they could have wisht——they know not—
Something hath been amiss——a noble nature
May catch a wrench——would all were well——'tis pity—
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*——pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink

Stew. 'Would, I could not: that thought is boun-
ty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminius waiting, Enter a servant to him.

SERVANT.

I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord *Timon's* men ; a gift, I warrant—
Why, this hits right : I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir ; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master ?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir ; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius* ?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he ? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't ; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my Coming ; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter

Enter a servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee—
Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the servant, who goes out.*]
Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O! may diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part,
Of nurture, my lord pay'd for, be of power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Public Street.**Enter Lucius, with three strangers.*

Luc. WHO, the lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the Gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mislook'd him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.—My honour'd lord—

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. *Servilius*! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

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H

Ser.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha ! What hath he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he's ever sending : how shall I thank him, think'st thou ? and what has he sent now ?

Ser. He's only sent his present occasion now, my lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me ; He cannot want fifty times five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius* ?

Sir. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable ? how unluckily it hap'n'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do——(the more beast, I say)——I was sending to use lord *Timon* myself, these gentlemen can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[Exit *Servilius*.]

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius*—— True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed ; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hofilius* ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's foul ;

Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit :
 Who can call him his friend,
 That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
 And kept his credit with his bounteous purse :
 Supported his estate ; nay, *Timon's* money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip ;
 And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !
 He does deny him (in respect of his)
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
 I never tasted *Timon* in my life ;
 Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
 To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have attorn'd to him,
 So much I love his heart ; but, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispence,
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. **M**UST he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all
 others?

He might tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
 And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these three
 Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my lord,
 They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal ;
 For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?

Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?

And does he send to me? three! hum——

It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physicians,

Thriv'd, give him over? must I take the cure

On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.

He might have known my Place; I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have wooed me first:

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly of me,

That I'll requite it last? no:

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:

I'd such a courage to have done him good.

But now return,

And with their faint Reply this Answer join;

Whobates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain.

The devil knew not what he did, when he made
man politic; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot

think, but in the end the villainies of man will set
him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear

foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those
that under hot, ardent, zeal would set whole Realms

on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. **W**ELL met, good-morrow, *Titus and Hortensius.*

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*

Hor. *Lucius*, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think, one business does command us all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo's* too.

Phi. Good-day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him: You must consider that a Prodigal's course Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear: 'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon's* purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t'observe a strange event: Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift, For which I wait for money.

Hor. Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes!
 And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
 And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth:
 Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis too much deep; and, it shall seem by th' sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine:
 Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminius!* Sir, a word: pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir——

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
 When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
 Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
 And take down th' interest of their glutt'ous maws;

You

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up,

Let me pass quietly : ———

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end ;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*

Var. How ! what does his cashier'd worship mutter ?

Tit. No matter, what—he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in ? Such may rail against great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent :

His comfortable temper has forsook him,

He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick :

And if he be so far beyond his health,

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [within.] *Servilius*, help—my lord ! my lord.

S C E N E V.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. **W**HAT, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my goal?

H 4

The

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron-heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em——cleave me to
the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours——and yours?

Var. My lord——

Cap. My lord——

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on
you. [Exit.]

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our Masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may be well
call'd desperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Timon and Flavius:

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me; the
flaves. Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?——

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so———My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All.——
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord!

You

You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There's not so much left as to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care :
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more : my Cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Senate-House

Senators and Alcibiades.

1 Sen. **M**Y lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's
bloody ;

'Tis necessary he should die :

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true ; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate !

1 Sen. Now, Captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your Virtues :

For Pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;

Nor did he foil the fact with cowardise,

But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent ;

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a Paradox ;

Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair :

H 5

Your

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring Man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
 Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were but newly born.
 He's truly valliant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His out-side wear; hang like his rayment, carlesly:
 And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord, ———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
 It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle;
 And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;
 If wisdom be in suffering. Oh, my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
 But, in defence, ——— * by mercy, 'tis made just.
 To be in anger is impiety:
 But who is man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

* ———by mercy, 'tis most just.] By Mercy is meant Equity. But
 we must read.

—————'tis made just.

Warburton,
Alc.

Alc. In vain? his Service done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Byzantium*,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.
Were there no foes, That were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My Honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be:
My lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What! ———

Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not else be, I should be so base,

To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!

Banish your Dotage, banish Usury,
That make the Senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two day's shine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.

And, (now to swell your spirit,)

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt.

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into Captains' wounds? ha! Banishment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to TIMON'S HOUSE.

Enter divers Senators at several doors.

1 Sen. **T**HE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you: I think,
this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
we encountred. I hope, it is not so low with him,
as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 Sen.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Ev'ry man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir——here he comes.

Enter Timon and attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both——and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer birds are men——Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.]

2 *Sen.* Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you:

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money and the season
can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what's the news?

3 Sen. *Alcibiades* is banish'd: hear you of it!

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? now?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feast
toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so——

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his Mistress: your diet shall be in
all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let
the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place.
Sit. sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

*You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankful-
ness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd; but re-
serve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each
man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were
your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the
Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives
it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains.
If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be
as they are—* The rest of your foes, O Gods, the senators of
Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is*

** The rest of your Fees.] We should read Foes.*

Warburton.

amiss

amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my friends—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blest them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: smoke, and lukewarm
Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last; [water
Who stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Walhes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee-slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks;
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou—

[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be

Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [Exeunt.

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon's* fury!

3 *Sen.* Psha! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.*

- 1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.
 2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.
 3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.
 4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day
 stones. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads: To general filths
 Convert o'th' instant, green Virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And yet Confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,
 Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosy: breath infect breath,
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee;
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
 The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low!

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.

1 Ser. **H**EAR you, good master steward, where's
 our master?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 Sen. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fall'n! all gone! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him?

2 Ser. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter

Enter other servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into the sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,
(As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*[He gives them money; they embrace, and
part several ways.]*

Oh, the first wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness: strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.

I'll

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The W O O D S.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Blessing-breeding Sun, draw from the
 earth

Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence. and birth
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes.
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord,
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour:
 It is the Pasture lards the Weather's sides,
 The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, this man's a flatterer? if one be,
 So are they all, * for every greeze of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique:
 There's nothing level in our curst natures,
 But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His Semblable, yea, himself, *Timon* disdains.—
 Destruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
 [Digging the earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison!—What is here?

* For every greeze of fortune.] Greeze or Step or Degree.
 Mr. Pope.
 Gold?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?

No, Gods, I am no idle votarist.

Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make

Black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;

Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

You Gods! why this? what this? you Gods! why,
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the waped widow wed again;

She whom the spittle-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha, a
drum?—thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee—thou'lt go, (strong thief)

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. **W**HAT art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw
thy heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim.

Tim. * I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well :
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules;—
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel ;
Then what should war be ? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to maintain my Opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon* ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If
thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man : if thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man !

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

* *I am Misanthropos*,—] *Moliere* has Wrote a fine Comedy, cal-
led from the Hero of the Piece, *The Misanthrope*, which our *Wycherley*
has imitated, calling it, *The Plain-dealer*. Now, in fact, it hap-
pens, that *Moliere's Misanthrope* is but a *Plain-dealer*, and *Wycherley's*
Plain-dealer is a direct *Misanthrope*.
Warburton.

Tim.

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not, that use thee:

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' Tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I hear'd and griev'd,
How curst *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy
Conquest,

And, after, Thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one,

Pity

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort their
mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall out,
And mince it fans remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse
upon thee!

Both. Give us some gold, good *Timon*: hast thou
more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
Although, I know, you'll swear; terribly swear
Into strong shudders, and to heav'nly agues,
Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains fix
months

Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch

Your

Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)
 Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still:
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——what then?
 Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And marmen's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false Title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to forefend,
 Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate
 ruffians bald,
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
 That your activity may defeat, and quell
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold.
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all! [*Timon.*]

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous
Tim. More whore, more mischief, first; I've given
 you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'ards *Athens*; farewell,
Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away.
 And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt Alcibiad. Phryn. and Timand.*]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Tim. **T**HAT nature being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same
mettle

(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is pufft)
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below cript heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb;

* Let it no more bring out to ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward-face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented——O, a root——dear thanks!
Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts
And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague!——

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

* *Let it no more bring out ingrateful Man.] This is an absurd Reading. Shakespear Wrote,*

—— *bring out to ingrateful Man,*

i. e. Fruits for his Sustainence and Support; but let it rather teem with Monsters to his Destruction.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate ; consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this
place ?

This slave-like habit, and these looks of care ?
Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these weeds,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee, hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus :
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers : 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal : hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thy-
self,

So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou,
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd trees,
That have out liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
Oh ! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee ; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What a knave thou!

Apem. If thou didst put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being;
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy-
self

In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectinary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of
men

At duty, more than I could frame employments;
That numberless upon me fluck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush

Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden.
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone—
 That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of
 thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
 If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
 Tell them there, I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o'days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather,
 where I eat it.

Tim.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men, are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert a lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a break-

fast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the City?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would, thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I swoon to see thee.

Apem.

Apem. 'Would, thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apem. retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But ev'n the mere necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in me at other's lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,
That souldrest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! Oh, thou Touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. 'Would 'twere so,
But not 'till I am dead! I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.—

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! I am quit.

Apem. More things like men—Eat, *Timon*, and
abhor them.

[*Exit Apem.*
SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. **W**HERE should he have this gold? it is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meet.

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts, the briars scarlet hips:
The bounteous huswife nature on each bush
Lays her full mews before you. Want? why want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess: that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft

In

In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob, takes wealth and life together,
 Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
 The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.

* The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The Mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
 From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away,
 Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
 Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what
 I give, and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

[Exit.

3 Thief. H'as almost charm'd me from my profes-
 sion, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he
 thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over
 my trade.

* The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The Moon into salt Tears.—] The Sea melting the Moon into Tears,
 is, I believe, a Secret in Philosophy, which no body but *Shakespeare's*
 deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is another Opinion, which 'tis
 more reasonable to believe that our Author may allude to; viz.
 that the Saltness of the Sea is caused by several Ranges, or Mounds
 of Rock-salt under Water, with which resolving Liquid the Sea was
 impregnated. This I think a sufficient Authority for changing
 Moon into Mounds.

Warburton.

1 *Thief.* * Let us first see peace in *Athens*.

2 *Thief.* There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

O H, you Gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!
What change of humour desp'rate want has made?
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was will'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather too,
Those that would mischief me, than those that woo!
H'as caught me in his eye, I will present
My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost thou ask That? I have forgot all men.

Then, if thou grantest that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.

* *Let us first see peace in Athens, &c.*] This and the concluding little Speech have in all the Editions been placed to one Speaker: But, 'tis Evident, the latter Words ought to be put in the Mouth of the second Thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his Trade.

Flav.

Flav. An honest servant,——

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had an honest man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer, then I
love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But or through lust, or laughter. Pity's sleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
Taccept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face: surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim
One honest man: mistake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I sell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast;

Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man,
Here, take; the Gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none;
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. **A**S I took note of the place, it can't be far
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor
stragling

stragling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best: Promising is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must you needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.
Then do we sin against our own estate,

When

When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True.

Poet. While the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn——

What a God's gold, that he is worshipped

In baser temples, than where Swine do feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave;

To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures, (oh abhorred spirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough——
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim.

Tim. Y'are honest men; you've heard, that I have gold;

I'm sure, you have; speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit Best in all *Athens*; thou'rt, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say—And for thy fiction, Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth, That thou art even natural in thine art. But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say, you have a little fault; Marry, not monstrous in you; neither wish I, You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave, That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble, Know his gross Patchery, love him, and feed him? Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd, That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold, Rid me these villains from your companies; Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught, Confound them by some curse, and come to me, I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim.

Tim. You that way, and you this ; — But two in company —
 Each man apart, all single and alone,
 Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
 If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be.

[*To the Painter.*
 Come not near *him*. — If *thou* wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*
 But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
 Hence, pack, there's gold ; ye came for gold, ye
 slaves ;

You have work for me ; there's your payment, hence !
 You are an Alchymist, make gold of that :
 Out, rascal dogs ! [*Beating, and driving 'em out.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. IT is in vain that you would speak with *Timon* :
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
 It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
 To speak with *Timon*.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
 Men are not still the same ; 'twas time and griefs
 That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him ; bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his Cave :
 Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon* ! *Timon* !
 Look out, and speak to friends, th' *Athenians*
 By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee ;
 Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn ! —

Speak,

Speak, and be hang'd;
 For each true word a blister, and each false
 Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*,—

Tim.—Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

2 Sen. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them. And would send them back the
 plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves, in thee:
 The Senators, with one consent of love,
 Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
 On special dignities, which vacant lie
 For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
 Which now the public body, (which doth seldom
 Play the recanter) feeling in itself
 A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal
 Of its own Fall, restraining aid to *Timon*;
 And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,
 Together with a recompence more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
 Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore so please thee to return with us,
 And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
 The Captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Hallow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority: soon we shall drive back

OF

Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatning sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon*——

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir;
thus——

If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him, *Timon* speaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common Bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass
thro' them. 2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his Haste;
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself—I pray you, do my Greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find
him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit Timon.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably coupled to
his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And stain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Walls of Athens.**Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.*

1 Sen. **T**HOU hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mef. I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present Approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mef. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'th' Cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here comes our Brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all Description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho.—No answer?—What is
this?—

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span;

* Some

* Some beast rear'd this ; here does not live a man.
 Dead, sure, and this his grave ; what's on this tomb ?
 I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax ;
 Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
 An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days :
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
 Who's Fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alc. **S**OUND to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible Approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice. 'Till now myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your Power,
 Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries, of itself, *no more* : now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And purfy Insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

* *Some beast read this ; here does not live a man.* } Some Beast read
 what ? The Soldier had yet only seen the rude Pile of Earth heap'd
 up for *Timon's* Grave, and not the *Inscription* upon it. We should
 read,

Some Beast rear'd this ; ———

The Soldier seeking, by order, for *Timon*, sees such an irregular Mole,
 as he concludes must have been the Workmanship of some Beast in-
 habiting the Woods ; and such a Cavity, as either must have been
 so over-arch'd, or happen'd by the casual falling in of the Ground.

Ere

Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should
fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth:
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge: Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope :
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion: all thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds;
But shall be remedied by public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble General, *Timon* is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' sea;
And on the grave-stone this Insculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſlay not here thy gait.*

These well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,

Scorn'd

Scorn'd our brine's flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.— Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whose memory
Hereafter more—— Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my sword;
Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War;
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our drums strike.— *Exeunt.*

Exeunt.

Dramatis Personae.

TITUS



ANDRONICUS.

Vol. VII.

K



Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutinus,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.

Sempronius.

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

*Aaron, a Moor, belov'd by Tamora,
Captain, from Titus's Camp.*

Æmelius, a Messenger.

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.

Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

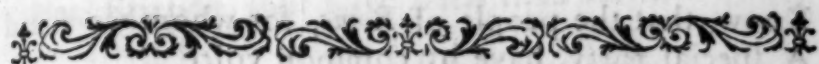
Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants,

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

TITUS





TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.

Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Bassianus and his followers, at the other, with Drum and Colours.

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with arms:

And Countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.

I am the first-born Son of him, that last

Wore the imperial Diadem of Rome:

Then let my father's honours live in me,

Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
Right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,

Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,

Keep then this passage to the Capitol;

And suffer not dishonour to approach

Th' imperial Seat, to virtue consecrate,

To justice, continence, and nobility:

But let Desert in pure election shine;

And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery!

K 2

Know

Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
 A special party, have by common voice,
 In election for the *Romon* Empery,
 Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,
 For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within our city-walls.
 He by the Senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barb'rous *Goths*;
 That with his sons (a terror to our foes)
 Hath yoak'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten Years are spent, since first he undertook
 This Cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field.—

And now at last laden with honour's Spoils,
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
 Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.
 Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,
 Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness,

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my
Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affy. [thoughts!

In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine;
 Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,
 And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament;
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my Right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;

And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person and the Cause:

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and Me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. **R**OMANS, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,

Successful in the battels that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From whence he circumscribed with his sword,

And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in my mourning weed!

Lo, as the Bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,

Returns with precious lading to the bay,

From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage;

Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,

To re-salute his Country with his tears;

Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*.

Thou great Defender of this Capitol,

Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend!

Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,

Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
 Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead!
 These, that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial among their Ancestors.
 Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword:
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy Sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the Tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store;
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones:
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives:
 The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious Conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not that we are brought to *Rome*,
 To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,
 Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoke?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for King and Common-weal
 Were Piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.

Wilt

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods ?

Draw near them then in being merciful ;

Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.

These are their brethren, whom you *Goths*, behold

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a Sacrifice ;

To this your son is markt, and die he must,

T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,

Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius
with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious, piety !

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus, go to rest ! and we survive

To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.

Then Madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,

The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her Tent,

May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,

(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)

To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our *Roman* rites : *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt ;

And intrails feed the sacrificing fire ;

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tim. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
 Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
 No noise: but silence and eternal sleep:
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

S C E N E III.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. **I**N peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethrens' obsequies:
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on the earth, for thy Return to *Rome*.
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortune *Rome's* best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!

Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
 In Fame's eternal Date for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, Nephews, from successful
 wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords.
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness;
 And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
 This Palliament of white and spotless hue;

And

And name thee in election for the Empire,
 With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons:
 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on;
 And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chose with Proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up Rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In Right and Service of their noble Country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to controul the world.
 Upright he held it, lords that held it last.

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou
 tell——

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.——

Sat. *Romans*, do me Right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the Good
 That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.——

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be, and Thanks to men
 Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages;

Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*
And gratulate his safe Return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this Common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,——Long live our Emperor!

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor;
And say,——Long live our Emperor *Saturnine*!

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's royal Mistress, Mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace:
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honour's Ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget

The

The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;

To him, that for your honour and your state
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue

[*To Tamora.*

That I would chuse, were I to chuse, anew:

Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;

Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of
 cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,

Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*; *Romans*, let us go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your Leave, this Maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
 To do myself this Reason and this Right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:

This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's
 Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd. [Guard?

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
 Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*

S C E N E IV.

Mut. **B**ROTHERS, help to convey her hence
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.—

Tit. What! villain-boy,

Barr'lt me my way in *Rome*? [He kills him.]

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
This is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flock;
I'll trust by leisure him, that mocks me once:
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a Stale of,
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these deeds with that proud Brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these!

Sat. But go thy ways: go give that changing
piece,

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mong her Nymphs,

Dost

Dost over-shine the gallant'st Dames of Rome,
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
 And will create thee Emperess of Rome.
 Speak. Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?
 And hear I swear by all the Roman Gods,
 (Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for *Hymeneus* stands.)
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to Rome I swear,
 If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords, accompany
 Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Marc. Oh, *Titus*, see, oh, see, what thou hast done!
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
 Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
 That hath dishonoured all our family;
 Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius'* deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus's sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

[*Titus's son speaks.*

Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but
here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these boys mine Honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius'* bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*,
That slew himself; and wife *Laertes'* son

Did

Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise——

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome* :
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy
friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !

[*They all kneel and say ;*

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius* ;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome* ?

Tit. I know not *Marcus* ; but, I know, it is :
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell :
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good Turn so far ?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius, with *Aaron the Moor*, at one door. At
the other door, *Bassianus* and *Lavinia* with others.

Sat. SO, *Bassianus*, you have play'd your prize ;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord ; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But

But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*;
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain Suppose,
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your Throne ;
 Lest then the People and Patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take *Titus'* part ;
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at intreats, and then let me alone ;
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life :
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain—
 Come, come, sweet Emperor,—come, *Andronicus*—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise ; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her ; my lord,
 These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
 A *Roman* now adopted happily :
 And must advise the Emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
 And let it be my honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.
 And fear not, lords ; and you, *Lavinia*,
 By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his High-
 ness,
 That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tending our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more—

Tam.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.

The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied; sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure, as death, I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides;
You are my guest, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To-morrow an it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horn and bound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-*
jour.

Sat. Be it so *Titus*, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the PALACE.

Enter Aaron alone.

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus' top*,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiac in his glistening coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills:
So *Tamora*——
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue floops and trembles at her frown.

Then,

Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
 Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
 I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made Empress.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
 This Goddess, this *Semiramis*;—this Queen,
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

S C E N E II.

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. **C**HIRON, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
 edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with Braves:

'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;

I am as able, and as fit as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—these lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Dem. Why boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 Are you so desp'rate grown to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw?

And maintain such a Quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:

I would not for a million of gold,

The cause were known to them it most concerns.

Nor would your nobler mother, for much more,

Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome.

For shame, put up.—

Chi. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full-resolv'd,—

Foul-spoken coward! thou thundrest with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the Gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,

This pretty Brabble will undo us all;

Why, lords—and think you not, how dangerous

It is to jet upon a Prince's right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,

Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,

Without controulment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware—and should the Empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice;

Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this Device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love.

Aar. To atchieve her—how?

Dem. why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more Water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tired with this ado:

Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you such fools,

To square for this? would it offend you then

That both should speed!

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you
jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,

You may perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste

Than

Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love ;
 A speedier course than lingring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop :
 The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented Plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany :
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
 To Villany and vengeance consecrate.
 We will acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
 The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull :
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns.

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye ;
 And revel in *Lavinia*'s Treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.——

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Forest.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds
 and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. **T**HE Hunt is up, the morn is bright and
 gray ;

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay :

And

And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
 And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the Court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good-morrows to your Majesty:
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lam. I say, no:
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport: Madam, now ye shall see
 Our Roman Hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
 hound;

But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a desert part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. **H**E, that had wit, would think, that I had
 none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree;

And

And never after to inherit it.
 Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villany;
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
 The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,
 And whilst the babling Echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave;
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, Madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;

Blood

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomet* must lose her tongue to day;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
 Seest thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll;
 Now question me no more, we are espied;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. **W**HOM have we here? *Rome's* royal Em-
 peress?

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?

Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general Hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controuller of our private steps:

Had I the power, that, some say, *Dian* had,

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was *Acteon's*; and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Emperess,

'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;

And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:

Jove shields your husband from his hounds to day!

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason, that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious
Mother,

Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misselto.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But

But straight they told me, they would bind me here,
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death:
 And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life;
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
 strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. I come *Semiramis*; —nay, barbarous *Tamora*;
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my
 boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw!

This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

[*times;*

* And with that painted Cope she braves your might—
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face——

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

* And with that painted Hope, &c.,] *Lavinia* stands upon her Chastity,
 and Nuptial Vows; and upon the Merit of these braves the Queen.—
 We should read, And with this painted Cope, i. e. with this gay Covering

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but word——

Dem. Listen, fair Madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk, thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do Thou intreat her, shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch the lark:
Yet have I heard, (Oh, could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart say, no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee)

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more. That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust, And tumble me into some loathsome pit; Where never man's eye may behold my body: Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee. No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!

The blot and enemy of our general name!

Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth—bring thou her husband: *Dragging off Lavinia.*

This is the hole, where *Aaron* bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tam. Farewel, my sons; see, that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away,
Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful sons this Trull deflour. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. COME on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome
pit,

Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*]

L 3

Quin.

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning-dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his Brother.

[Exit Aaron.]

S C E N E VII.

Mar. **W**HY dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained
hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects, more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;

And

And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out,

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. **A** LONG, with me—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.
Say who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the King? [*grief.*]

Sat. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*]

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean;
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which over shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Oh, *Tamora*! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

Aar. My gracious lord here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous
thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
(Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them——)

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam.

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King ;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. **S**O, now go tell (an if thy tongue can speak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ra-
vish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scroll.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [*Exeunt Dem. and Chiron.*]

S C E N E X.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia

Mar. **W**H O's this, my Niece, that flies away so
fast?

Cousin, a word : where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
 Speak, gentle Niece, what stern ungentle hands
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in?
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As have thy love! why dost not speak to me?
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some *Tereus* hath deflower'd thee;
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 (As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,)
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.—
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But, lovely Niece, that Mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
 Oh, had the monster seen those lilly hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made;

He

He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.

HEAR me, great fathers; noble Tribunes stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in Honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*]

For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep langour, and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

[*Exeunt.*]

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers;
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow;
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:
 And let me say, (that never wept before)
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
 The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead;—
 Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me.——

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale;
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
 Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
 That *Rome* is but a wilderness of Tygers;

Tygers

Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
 But me and mine ; how happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banish'd ?
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here ?

S C E N E II.

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. **TITUS**, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her :
 Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handleless, * in thy father's spight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea ?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy* ?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds :
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain :
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life :
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is that the one will help to cut the other :
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

* in thy father's sight] We should read *spight*.

Warb.

Mar.

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my Deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead;
For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus*! ah, son *Lucius*, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
husband.

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,

How

How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
 With mirey slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
 grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear Niece; good *Titus*, dry thine
 eyes.

Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus*! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as Limbo is from blifs.

S C E N E III.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. **T***ITUS Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy
 sons,

Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thyself, old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,

And

And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron*! Did ever raven sing so like a lark, That gives sweet tidings of the Sun's uprise? With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand; Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine, That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn, My youth can better spare my blood than you, And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*, And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax Writing Destruction on the enemies' Castle? Oh, none of Both but are of high desert: My hand hath been but idle, let it serve To ransom my two Nephews from their death; Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along, For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, Let me redeem my brothers Both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care, Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron* I'll deceive them both, Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, And never, whilst I live, deceive men so. But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And

And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatched:

Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand;
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Tit. **O** Hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these woe-extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy Lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threatning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow;
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them;
 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
 And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
 Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
 These miseries are more than may be borne!
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
 wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
 Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight

Struck

Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah ! now no more will I controul thy griefs ;
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of your most wretched eyes !
 Now is a time to storm, why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha ! —

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
 hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed ;
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's Cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see, what task I have to do——
 You heavy people, circle me about ;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made ;—come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear ;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth ;
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there ;
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kifs and part, for we have much to do [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. **F**AREWEL, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome* ;
 Farewel,

Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
 Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
 O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
 Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths*, and raise a Power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit Lucius*.]

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in Titus's House.

A BANQUET.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. SO, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy Niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus doth talk in signs!
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
 Wound it with fighting, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
 That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,

Drown

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?

Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er,

How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?

O handle not the theme; no talk of hands,—

Lest we remember still, that we have none.

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?

Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.

Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:

Speechless complaint!—O, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers.

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will rest an alphabet,

And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter, deep, la-
ments;

Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At That that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus*' brother; get thee gone,
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But? — how if that fly had a father and
mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting Doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry;
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd
fly,

Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for *Tamora*:
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a cole black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me;

I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

TITUS'S HOUSE.

*Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him;
and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm.
Enter Titus, and Marcus.*

B O Y.

HELP, grandfire, help; my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.

Good uncle *Marcus*, see, how swift she comes:

Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, she did.

Mar. What means my Niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:

See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory:

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble Aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did:

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt;

And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or else to heav'n she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*;
My Mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I
read!

This is the tragic Tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the
leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see;—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by That the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but
friends,

What

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;
Or slunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece*' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia*.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This sandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou good niece; and here display, at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of *Tamora*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Regnator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although, I know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman *Hector*'s Hope,
And swear with me, (as, with the woful peer,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece*' rape,)

That we will prosecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths*;
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league;
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young Huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like *Sibyl's* leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
'Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful Country done the like.

Boy. And, nuncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grand-
fire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my House:

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than

Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
 Revenge thee, Heav'ns! for old *Andronicus*. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door:
 and at another door young Lucius and another, with
 a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. **D**EMETRIUS, here's the Son of *Lucius*;
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*;
 And pray the *Roman* Gods, confound you Both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)

For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,
 My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well.
 And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [Exit.

Dem. What's here, a scroll, and written round about?

Let's see.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well:
 I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

M 2

Aar.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in *Horace*—right, you have it—

Now, what a thing it is to be an *Afs*?
Here's no fond jest; th' old man hath found their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty *Empress* well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a while.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Bafely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us
over

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish
thus? [Flourish.]

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

S C E N E III.

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nur. **G**OOD morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see *Aaron the Moor*?

Aar.

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome*'s disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal:
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a
Hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed
choice,

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron*, it must, the Mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up;
 Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
 Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my Scymitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir.
 I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
 With all his threatening band of *Typhon's* brood,
 Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
 Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-house painted signs,
 Coal-black is better than another hue:
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swans black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it, how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself
 The vigour and the picture of my youth.
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe;
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
 Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood, that first gave life to you;

And

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchis'd and come to light :

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side ;
Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save you the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult :
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; when we all join in
league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the *Moor* ;
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms :
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and myself——
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself——
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said——[*He kills her.*
Week,—week !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron* ? wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent :
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be receiv'd for the Emp'r's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the Court;
 And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, my lords, ye see, I have given her phylic;
 And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see, that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as Swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
 For it is you that put us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. COME, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
 Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit——be you remember'd *Marcus*——

She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools;
 You

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the
sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land——

No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to *Pluto's* region,

I pray you, deliver this petition,

Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;

And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah, *Rome*!——Well, well, I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.

Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night t' attend him carefully:

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war

Take wreak on *Rome*, for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters,

What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:

Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else;

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops*' size;

But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back;

Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.

And sith there is no justice in earth or hell,

We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:

Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;

Here, boy, to *Pallas*—here, to *Mercury*—

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*—not to *Saturnine*—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy; *Marcus*—loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect.

There's not a God left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court.

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, *Lucius*:

Good boy, in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when *Publius*
shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,

That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court,

And who should find them but the Empress' villain:

She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not chuse

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your lordship
joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.

Sirrah,

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clown. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clown. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n
in my young days. Why, I am going with my pi-
geons to the tribunal plebs, to make up a matter of
brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Imperial's
men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the
Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
Emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold——mean while, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a supplication for you: and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must
kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pi-
geons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at
hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant;
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me, what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The PALACE.

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. **W**HY, lords, what wrongs are these? was
ever seen

An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lord, you know, as do the mighty Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of *Rome*!
What's this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But

But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In *Saturninus*' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts——Why, thus it shall become
High-witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your Mistership be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-
Even:

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons
here. [*He reads the letter.*]

Sta. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know, from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne? as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more
 cause;

The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under the Conduct
 Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus* :
 Who threats in course of his revenge to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
 'Tis he, the common people love so much :
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man)
 That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd, that *Lucius* were their Em-
 peror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;
 Ev'n so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep:

When

When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embassador; (*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand that pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

LUCIUS.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signify, what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein *Rome* * hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

* hath done you any Scathe,] *Scathe*, Harm.

Mr. Pope.
Goth.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort),
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow, where thou lead'st:
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omnes. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty *Goth*?

S C E N E II.

Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in his Arms.

Goth. **R**ENOWNED *Lucius*, from our troops
I stray'd

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery:
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a cole-black calf;
Peace, villain, peace! (ev'n thus he rates the babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty *Goth*;
Who, when he knows thou art the Empréss' babe
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;

This

This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
 A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder.

Aar. *Lucius*, save the child,
 And bear it from me to the Empress;
 If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
 For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
 God:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe:

Therefore

Therefore I urge thy oath ; (for that, I know,
 An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
 And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
 To that I'll urge him;)—therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, nourish and bring him up ;
 Or else I would discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious, woman !

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd *Bassianus* ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trim-
 ing ?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and trim'd ;
 And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them :
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head ; —
 Well ; let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay :
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd ;
 Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two sons.
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't !
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
 And when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When

When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush!

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious Ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor Men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears;
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly:
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from *Rome* Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. —

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome*?

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you the princes of the *Goths*, The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me; And, for he understands you are in arms, He craves a parley at your father's house, Willing you to demand your hostages, And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*, And we will come: march away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. **T**HUS, in these strange and sad habiliments, I will encounter with *Andronicus*: And say, I am *Revenge* sent from below, To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs: Knock at the Study, where, they say, he keeps, To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge; Tell him, *Revenge* is come to join with him, And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation? Is it your trick to make me ope the door, That so my sad decrees may fly away, And all my study be to no effect? You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do, See, here in bloody lines I have set down; And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witness this wretched slump, these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy Coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
No vast obscurity, nor misty vale,
Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
Can couch or fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee:
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper Palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.

And

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder: therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
 And you the Empress! but we worldly men
 Have miserable and mistaking eyes:
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
 And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy,
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge:
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son:
 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
 Or at the least, make them his enemies:
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

SCENE IV.

Enter Titus.

Tit. **L**ONG have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
 How like the Empress and her sons you are!

Well

Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a *Moor*;
 And would you represent our Queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil:
 But welcome, as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
 wrong;

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
 Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
 There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee;
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
 To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant son,
 Who leads tow'ards *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the Empress and her sons.
 The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
 What says *Andronicus* to this device?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother! — 'tis sad *Titus* calls:

Enter

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*;
Bid him repair to me: and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*. [him,

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with
Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest!
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit.

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons,

I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*!

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit Titus.*]

Chi. Villians, forbear; we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that ye bind them fast.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.*

Tit. **C**OME, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are
bound;

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mixt:

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear,

Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would ye say, if I should let you speak?

Villians!—for shame, you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold

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The

The bason, that receives your guilty blood,
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad—
 Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
 Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs'* feast,
[He cuts their throats.]
 So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'r's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings;
 And see, the ambush of our friends be strong;
 I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,

And

And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave.

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]
The trumpets shew, the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E VI.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. **W**HAT, hath the firmament more suns
than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a Sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor, and Nephew, break the parley;

These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*]

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome dread Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome, *Lucius*,

And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were,

My lord the Emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the
deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your High-
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*. [thus?]

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the flesh, that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness, my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold the father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let *Rome* herself be Bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our Ancestor,

[To *Lucius*,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy* &
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale.
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they, that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas—you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much.
 Citing my worthless praise: oh, pardon me,
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak: behold this
 child,

Of this was *Tamora* delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in *Titus'* house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans*?
 Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
 We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
 And make a mutual Closure of our House:
 Speak, *Romans*, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor !
Go, go, into old *Titus's* sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death ;
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius, all hail, *Rome's* gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans* : may I govern so,
To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task :
Stand all aloof ; but, Uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this Trunk :
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face ;
The last true duties of thy noble Son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers ; thy grandfire lov'd thee well ;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee ;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow :
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy ;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so ;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe :
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire ! even with all my
heart,

'Would I were dead, so you did live again——
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping——
My tears will choke me, If I ope my mouth.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

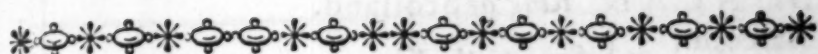
Rom. **Y**OU sad *Andronici*, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb!——

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our Household's Monument:
As for that heinous tygres *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then, afterwards, we'll order well the State;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE
TRAGEDY

OF

M A C B E T H.



N 5

Dra-



Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Ross, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lies in England;
through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly,
at Macbeth's Castle.*

MACBETH.



M A C B E T H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I WITCH.

W H E N shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,

* When the Battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere Set of Sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There I go to meet Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, I come, Grimalkin.——

2 Witch. Padocke calls——anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage and fly away.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. W H A T bloody man is that? he can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

[When the Battles lost and won.] i. e. the Battle, in which Macbeth was then engag'd

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood:
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their Art: the merciless *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd;
* And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's Minion carved out his passage,
'Till he had fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
† 'Till he unseam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfit well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their heels;
But the *Norwegian* lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

*—on his damned quarry—] We should read *quarrel*.

† unseam'd him from the nape to th' chops,] *Shakespeare* certainly wrote,
he unseam'd him from the nape to th' Chops,
; i. e. cut his Skull in two; which might be done by a *Highlander's* sword.

Cap.

Cap. Yes,

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
* As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell——

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.——

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds:

They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norwegian* Banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himself with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict.
'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

[sitiation:

Rosse. Now *Sweno*, *Norway's* King, craves compo-
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes-kill-isle*
Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive

* with double cracks,] Double is here used for great, and not for two.

Our

Our bosom-int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch*. **W**HERE hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch*. Killing swine.

3 *Witch*. Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch*. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give
me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o'th' *Tyger*:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3 *Witch*. And I another.

1 *Witch*. I myself have all the other.

And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' ship-man's card.—

I will drain him dry as hay,
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look, what I have.

2 *Witch*. Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch*.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreckt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine!
Peace!—the Charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other attendants.

Mac. SO foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris*?—What
are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips;—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee, *Thane* of
Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth*: hail to thee, *Thane* of
Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! that shalt be *King*
hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or That indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye shew? my noble Partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of

Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of time,
And say, which Grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be
none;

So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;

* By *Sinel's* death, I know, I'm *Thane of Glamis*;
But how, of *Cawdor*? the *Thane of Cawdor* lives.

A prosp'rous gentleman; and, to be *King*,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
With such prophetic Greeting?—speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind.—

*Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the Reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane of Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self same tune, and words; who's here?

* By *Sinel's* Death.] The Father of *Macbeth*.

Mr. Pope.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. **T**HE King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he
reads

Thy personal 'venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came Post on Post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence:
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*:
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor*!

[*Aside.*
The

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*

Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings?

[*To Banquo.*

When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of Darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To Ross and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—
This supernatural Soliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor*.

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth upfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature; present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical
Shakes so my single state of man, that Function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance
may crown me, [*Aside.*

Without my stir.

Ban. New Honours, come upon him,
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use:

Macb. Come what come may,

Time

Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought

With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn

The leaf to read them—Let us tow'rd the King;

Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

[*To Banquo.*

(*The Interim having weigh'd it.*) let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and attendants.

King. **I**S execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he own'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I've left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your Throne, and State, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing.
* Fief'd tow'rd your Life and honour.

King. Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known.
No less to have done so : let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland* : which honour must,
Not accompanied, invest him only ;
But signs of Nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.——Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labour, which is not us'd for [you ;

* Safe toward your love and honour.] Shoul be read thus,
Fief'd tow'rd your life and honour. i. e. their Duties being Fief'd, or
engaged to the support of, as feudal Tenants to their Lord.

I'll

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The Hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not Night see my black and deep desires;
The Eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless Kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at
Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. **T**HEY met me in the day of success; and I have
learn'd by the perfected report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into which
they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it,
came Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me, Thane of
Cawdor; by which title, before, these weyward sisters sa-
luted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with
hail, King that shalt be! This have I thought good to
deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou
might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of
what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and
farewel.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor——and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It

It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win. Thou'd'st have, great
 Glamis,

That which cries, *thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And That which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishes should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden Round,
 Which fate, and metaphysic aid, doth seem
 To have crown'd thee withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mef. The King comes here to night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;

He brings great news. The raven himself's not
 hoarse,

[Exit Mef.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 Of direct cruelty; make thick my blood,
 Stop up th' access and passage to Remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th'

Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring mi-
nisters!

Where-ever in your sightless substances

* You wait on nature's mischief—Come, thick night!

† And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;

Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry, hold, hold!——

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [*Embracing him.*

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ign'rant present time, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,

Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall Sun that morrow see!——

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,

Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:

To alter favour, ever, is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

* You wait on nature's mischief—] *Nature*, for Human.

† And pall thee——] *i. e.* wrap thyself in a Pall.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. **T**HIS Castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our general sense.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd Mansionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, see! our honour'd Hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
* How you should bid god-yeld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We courtst him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, (sharp as his spur,) hath holp him

* *How you should bid god-yeld us—*] To bid any one god-yeld him,
i. e. god-yeld him, was the same as God reward him.

To's

To's home before us: fair and noble Hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly;
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hostess. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes
and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. **I**F it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all—*Here.*
*But *here*, upon this Bank and Shelve of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody instructions; which, being taught, return
To plague th'inventor. Even-handed justice
Returns th' Ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off;

*But *here*, upon this bank and school of time,] We should read,
Shelve of Time. Mr. Theobald reads, Shoal.

And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
 That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on th' other——

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sort of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest glos,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? from this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? would'st thou have That,
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem?
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 * Like the poor cat i' th' Adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace;
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

* *Like the poor cat i' th' Adage.*] The Adage alluded to is, *The Cat would catch Fish, but she dare not wet her Feet.*

Warb.

Lady.

Lady. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves; and that their fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash't the drains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbec only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
 [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy? [clock.
Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir. [heav'n,

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
 Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Pow'rs!
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
 Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Give me my sword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.
 He hath to night been in unusual pleasure,
 And sent great largesse to your officers;
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind Hostess, and shut up
 In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect;
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weyward sisters:
 To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb.

Macb. I think not of them ;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business ;
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

SCENE II.

Macb. **G**O, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee.
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still ;
* And on the blade of th'dudgeon, †gouts of blood,

* And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,] Certainly, if on the
Blade, then on the Dudgeon ; for Dudgeon signifies a small Dagger.
We should read therefore,

And on the Blade of th' Dudgeon—

†—gouts of blood] Or Drops, French.

 Mr. Pope.

Which

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd Murder,
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives—
[A Bell rings.]

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heav'n or to hell.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady.

Lady. **T**HAT which hath made them drunk, hath
 made me bold: [peace!]
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about
 it—

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd
 their Poffets,

• That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?—what ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;

And 'tis not done; th' attempt and not the deed,

Confounds

Confounds us—hark—! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed——didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!——who lies i'th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cry'd, Murder!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are too lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us! and, Amen! the
other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad. [more!

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no
Macbeth doth murder Sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The birth of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood;
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking! [Starting.
How is it with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine
eyes.

Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnardine,
Making the green one red——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking

[Knock.

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.

[How

How easy is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking!
[Knock.]

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself.

Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'would thou
couldst!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking Port.] **H**ERE's a knocking, indeed: if a
man were porter of hell-gate, he
should have old turning the key. [Knock] Knock,
knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub*?
here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expecta-
tion of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough
about you, here you'll sweat for't. [Knock] Knock,
knock. Who's there i'th' other devil's name?
faith' * here's an equivocator, that could swear in
both the scales against either scale, who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equi-
vocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator, [Knock]
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an
English taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French*
hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your
goose: [Knock] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what
are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll de-
vil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let
in some of all professions, that go the primrose way

* here's an equivocator— who committed treason enough for God's sake,]
Meaning a Jesuit; an Order so troublesome to the State in *Queen*
Elizabeth and *King James* the First's Times. The Inventors of the ex-
ecrable Doctrine of *Equivocation*.

to th'everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock:

And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took my legs some time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, Both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet, 'tis one.

Macb.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physics pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name
thee——

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?——

Len. Mean you his Majesty?——

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
fight

With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves: awake! awake!

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ring the alarm-bell——murder! and treason!

Banquo, and *Donalbain*! *Malcolm*! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself——up, up, and see

The great Doom's image—*Malcolm! Banquo!*
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror.—

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. **W**HAT's the business,
 That such an hideous trumpet calls to
 parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
 The repetition in a woman's ear
 Would murder as it fell:—*O Banquo, Banquo!*

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?—

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Macduff, I prythee, contradict thyself,
 And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality;
 All is but toys; Renown, and Grace, is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stop't; the very source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal,

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.—

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here, lay *Duncan*;
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a breach in Nature,
For Ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers;
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
* Unmanly reech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!— [Seeming to faint.

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady;

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

* Unmannerly breech'd with Gore:—] This nonsensical Account
of the State in which the Daggers were found, must surely be read
thus, Unmanly reech'd with Gore:—

Warb.

And

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with
them:

To shew an unselt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Ross, with an old Man.

Old Man. **T**HREESCORE and ten I can re-
member well,
Within the volume of which time, I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten

Threaten this bloody stage : by th' clock, 'tis day ;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A faulcon, trowing in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange
and certain !)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the world, Sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Deed ?

Macd. Those, that *Macbeth* hath slain,

Rosse. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?

Macd. They were suborn'd ;

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stoll'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still ;——
Thrifless ambition ! that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means.——Then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth* ?

Macd.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*.
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,
The sacred storehouse of his Predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,
(adieu;)

Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weyward women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy Posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? but, hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's Council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confessing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of That to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel.

[Exit Banquo.]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.

SIRRAH, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the Palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us——To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit *serv.*]

But to be safely thus.——Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Antony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, Prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,

For *Banquo's* issue have I 'fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd:

Put rancours in the vessel of my Peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel

Giv'n to the common enemy of man,

To make them Kings: the Seed of *Banquo* Kings:

Rather than so, come Fate into the list,

And champion me to th' utterance!—who's there?

Enter Servant, and two murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

[Exit *Servant.*]

Was

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches? know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand; how cross; the in-
struments;

Who wrought with them: and all things else that
might

To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, thus did *Banquo*.

Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your Patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels, spaniels,
curs,

Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;

Grapples

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, * that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
† So weary with disastrous tuggs with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his Being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his Fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this
hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;

* ————*that I am reckless what*] i. e. Careless.

Mr. Pope.

† *So weary with Disasters, Tugg'd with Fortune,*] We see the
Speaker means to say that he is weary with struggling with adverse
Fortune. But this reading expresses but half the Idea; viz. of a
Man tugg'd and haled by Fortune without making Resistance. To
give the complete Thought, we should read,

So weary with disastrous Tuggs with Fortune.

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,
The moment on't; (for't must be done to night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a Cleanness:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the Work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[*Exeunt murderers.*]

It is concluded;—*Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. **I** S *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay Madam, but returns again to night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be That which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—
She'll

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,
(Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy—*Duncan* is in his Grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial, 'mong your guests to night.

Macb. So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.
Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t'our hearts, disguising what they are!—

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

Lady. But in them Nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight; ere to black *Hecat*'s summons
* The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the Deed: † come, feeling Night,

* *The shard-born beetle*] i. e. The Beetle hatch'd in Cliffs of Wood.

† *Come, feeling Night,*] Thus the common Editions had it; but the
old one, *feeling*, i. e. blinding; which is right. It is a term in Falconry.

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invilible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by Ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Park; the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. **B**UT who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our Mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

[Banquo within.] Give us light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' Court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' Palace gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light.

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*

Ban. Oh, treachery!

Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

[*Dies.* *Fleance escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but One down; the son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Room of State in the Castle.

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. **Y**OU know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst;

Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure

The table round—There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murderer, aside, at the door.*

Mur.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, That I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd. [perfect;

Mac. Then comes my Fit again: I had else been
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'ral, as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo's* safe?—

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear't ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your Highness sit? [roo'd,

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present,—
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!)

Rosse. His absence, Sir,

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Lays

Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

[*Starting.*

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The Fit is momentary, on a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[*To Macbeth aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That,
Which might appal the Devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; [*Aside.*
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impossors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!—
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Why, what care I? if thou can'st nod, speak too.—
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send
Those, that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

[*The Ghost vanishes*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb.

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.—

Lady. Fie, for shame!

[time,

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden
* Ere human Statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, Murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again
With twenty mortal Murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing [all!
To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge,

[The Ghost rises again.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrceanian* tyger,

* Ere human Statute purg'd the gentle weal:] Thus all the Editions:
I have reform'd the Text, gen'ral Weal: And it is a very fine *Peri-*
phrasis to signify, ere civil Societies were instituted.

Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the Desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow!
 Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so,—being gone,

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again: pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
 good Meeting

With most admir'd disorder. Can't such things be
 And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder?

Macb. You make me strange
 Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think, you can behold such fights;
 And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord? [*worse;*

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
 Question enrages him: at once good night.
 Stand not upon the Order of your Going.
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
 Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good night, to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
 have blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
 Augurs, that understood relations, have
 By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his per-
 At our great bidding? [*son,*

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
 There's not a *Thane* of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weyward sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good.
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the Season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep ; my strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear ; that wants hards use :

We're yet but young in Deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* **W**H Y, how now, Hecat', you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?
Saucy, and over bold ! how did you dare
To trade and traffic with *Macbeth*,
In riddles ; and affairs of death ?
And I, the mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a weyward son ;
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now ; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i' th' morning : thither he
Will come, to know his destiny ;
Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your Charms and every thing beside.

I am for th' Air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by magic flights,

Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, Security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a Song.*]

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away &c.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. **M**Y former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret farther: only, I say, [can

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious *Dun-*

Was pitied of *Macbeth*——marry, he was dead:——

And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.

Whom, you may say, if't please, *Fleance* kill'd,

For *Fleance* fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too

It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,

That

That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,
(As, an't please heav'n, he shall not;) they should find
What t'were to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Son of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Lives in the *English* Court; and is receiv'd.
Of the most pious *Edward* with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did, and with an absolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time,
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a care to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift Blessing

May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I WITCH.

THRIICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Twice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 Witch. *Harper* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in the
several ingredients as for the preparation of their
Charm.*]

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing;
For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf

Of

Of the ravening falt sea-shark ;
 Root of hemloc, digg'd i'th' dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew :
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;
 Make the gruel thick, and slab.
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh ! well done ! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i'th' gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Music and a Song.

Black spirits and white,

Blue spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
 Something wicked this way comes ;
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. **H**OW now, you secret, black, and mid-
 night hags ?
 What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though places and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundation; though the treasure
Of Nature's Germins tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken: answer me

To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand

3 *Witch.* We'll answer. [mouths,

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in fow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murd'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame:

All. Come high or low:

Thyself and office dostly show.

[*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head arises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff!*
Beware the *Thane of Fife*—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution,
thanks.

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.*

App.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunders.]

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam-wood to *Dunfinane's* high hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
* *Rebellious* head rise never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom!—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your Art
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.]

* *Rebellious* Dead rise never,—] We should read,
Rebellious Head— Warb.

324 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?
[Hautboys.

1 *Witch.* Shew !

2 *Witch.* Shew !

3 *Witch.* Shew !

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo ; the last, with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo* ; down !
Thy crown do's fear mine eye-balls.—And thy air
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first—
A third is like the former—filthy hags !
Why do you shew me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eye !
What ! will the line stretch out to th' crack of Doom ?—
Another yet ?—A seventh ! I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more ; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight ! nay, now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights ;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your antic round :
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [Music.

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they ? gone ?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar !
Come in, without there !

Len.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
done!

The Castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [Exeunt,

S C E N E III.

Changes to Macduff's Castle at Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. **W**HAT had he done, to make him fly
the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. [babes,

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Cousin,
I pray you, school yourself; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th' season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort,
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime:

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, Mother? poor birds, they are
not set for.

My

My father is not dead for all your Saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect; I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly. If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To

To do worship to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I'd done no harm?—what are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He's kill'd me, mother.
Run away, pray you.

[Exit L. Macduff, crying Murder; Murderers pursue her.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. **L**ET us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfaln birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, * and yell'd out

* ——— And yell'd out

Like syllables of dolour. This presents a ridiculous Image. But
Like

Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but
something

† You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would bear the brows of
Yet Grace must look still so. [Grace,

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure, [wrongs,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy

what is insinuated under it is noble; that the Portents and Prodigies
in the Skies, of which mention is made before, shewed that Heaven
sympathised with *Scotland*.

† You may Discern of him through me,—] By *Macduff's* Answer it
appears we should read,

—Deserve of him—

* His

* His title is appear'd. Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended ;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my Right:
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In Evils to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,

* *His title is appear'd.*—] *Appear'd*, a Law-term for confirmed.—

Mr. Pope.

Than

Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink :
We've willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That Vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that, were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house ;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Strikes deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-teeming lust ; and it hath been
The Sword of our slain Kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons, to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none ; the King-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude ;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!——

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd!
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his Breed. Thy royal father
Was a most fainted King; the Queen, that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd ever yday she liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. *Macduff*, this noble Passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward* with ten thousand warlike men,

All

* All
Now
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* All ready at appoint, was setting forth.

Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness,
Be like our warrented quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at
once;

'Tis hard to reconcile.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. **W**ELL; more anon. Comes the King forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls;
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art. But, at his Touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. [Exit.]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;

A most miraculous Work in this good King,
Which often since may here remain in *England*
I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden Stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

* *All ready at A point.*] *At a point*, may mean all ready at a Time;
but *Shakespear* meant more: He meant both Time and Place, and
certainly wrote, *All ready at appoint*,—

i. e. At the Place appointed, at the Rendezvous.

Warb.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ross.

Macd. S E E, who comes here! [not

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him

Macd. My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor Country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where signs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead-man's Knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.—

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.—

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes it?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For

For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot ;
Now is the time of help ; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither : gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where Hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The gen'ral cause ? or is it a fee grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words ; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ! —

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence ! my wife kill'd

Rosse. I've said.

[too !

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's

Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children — All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a Man,
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell Slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myself;
Within my swords length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:

Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above [may?
Put on their Instruments. Receive what cheer you
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Ante-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it,
she last walk'd? *Gent.*

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; Yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo, you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd Action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, * to fortify my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say —one; two; why then, 'tis time to do't—hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power

* to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.] Both the Sense and Expression require we should read, to fortify my Remembrance. Warb.

to account?—yet who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?

Doñ. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now; what, will these hands ne'er be clean?—no more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doñ. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows, what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doñ. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doñ. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doñ. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-gown, look not so pale—I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doñ. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doñ. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doñ. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets. More needs she the Divine, than the Physician. God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so, good night.
My mind she's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.

[*Exeun.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to a Field, with a Wood at a distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. **T**HE English Power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the Gentry; there is Siward's son
And many unrough youths, that even now,
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies;
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall balme
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn

Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make up our March towards *Birnam*.

S C E N E III.

The Castle of DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. **B**RING me to no more Reports, let them
fly all :

'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it :
Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—*Then fly, false Thanes,*
And mingle with the *English* Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown !
Where got'st thou that goose-look ?

Ser. There are ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you. [heart,

Macb. Take thy face hence—*Seyton* !—I'm sick at
When I behold—*Seyton*, I say !—This push

Will

Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf :
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have : but in their stead,
Curfes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton, —————

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
Give me my armour. [hack't ;

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir the country round ;
Hang those, that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How do's your Patient, Doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health ;

I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say——
What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence! hear'st thou of them?

Doñ. Ay, my good lord; your royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam*-forest come to *Dunfinane*.

Doñ. Were I from *Dunfinane* away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Birnam-Wood.

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son,
Menteth; Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. **C**OUSINS; I hope the days are near at
That chambers will be safe. [*hand,*

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us.

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hosts, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confin'd tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our sitting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership

Siw.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue Strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Castle of Dunlinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Macb. **H**ANG out our banners on the outward walls,

The Cry is still, *they come*: our Castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor Player,

That

That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more ! It is a Tale,
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing !

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue : thy story quickly.

Mef. My gracious lord,
I should report That which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave !

[*Striking him.*

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st, false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee : If thy speech be sooth,
I care not, If thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not, 'till Birnam-wood*
Do come to Dunfinane,——and now a wood
Comes towards *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out !
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun ;
And wish, the state o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell ; blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least, we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Before DUNSINANE.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army
with Boughs.

Mal. **N**OW, near enough : your leavy screens
throw down, And

And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:

Do We but find the Tyrant's Power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [breath,

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [Exe.

[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. [name,

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*. [title

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful. [sword

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred Tyrant; with my
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Siward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge

I sheath

I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be—
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarm.]

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord, the Castle's gently ren-
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; [der'd:
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes,
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. Alarm.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. **W**HY should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the
Do better upon them. [gashes]

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words;
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarm.]

Macb. Thou lovest labour;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm!
And let the Angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For

For it hath cow'd my better part of man :
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope ! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet :
And to be baited with the rabble's Curse.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunfinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be he, that first cries, hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarms.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes and Soldiers.

Mal. I Would, the friends, we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt ;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then is he dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more ;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King ! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

Th' Usurper's curst head ; the time is free :
I see thee compast with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds :
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine ;
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland ! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen ;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ;) this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of God,
We will perform in measure, time and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. *Exeunt omnes*

The End of the Seventh Volume.

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